

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, reli-
gious notices, and the like, one in-
sertion, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages, and deaths in-
serted without charge; but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
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charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
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No paper will be discontinued
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NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

Number 5,216.

Childrens Corner.

FORT SCHUYLER.

During the old French war, of which you have recently heard, a little fort was constructed on the banks of the Mohawk, called Fort Schuyler. The city of Utica afterwards sprang up on that very spot. Some of the boys who may read this article are familiar with U. S. History, and they will recollect reading of a Fort Schuyler in the revolutionary war. That was another Fort by the same name situated in New York a few miles distant from Utica. It was formerly called Fort Stanwix, but as Gen. Schuyler was distinguished officer they changed its name, because it was then of more importance than the old fort in Utica.

A COLD AND ITS MISERIES.

Accept from your Ais, dear madam, this strain, Though only the product of wit,
And you, too, dear children, shall hear me complain
Of the trouble I now go.
Were it not for your profit, dear friends, to give
ent,
My sorrow had never been told,
But the danger's so common, you surely will hear
The miseries attending a cold.
First, the old ladies gather all round in a ring,
And begin to exclaim, when I cough!
Then each one can tell of some excellent thing
Which will certainly carry it off.
The hops and the roots, which are meant to be
tried,
Tied in a huge bundle appears,
With hyacinth and motherwort long ago dried,
And hung in the garret for years.
These are to be steeped with a moderate heat,
As they have in Colpepper read,
Then strained, and when done, with molasses
made sweet,
And taken when going to bed.
That's a part of the torment to which I'm exposed,
And then the next morn, if I dare,
To breathe from a window or door that's unclose'd,
A mouthful or two of fresh air—
Mother cries, "O come back, inconsiderate child!
How little you mind what you're told!"
The air is so damp—you are certainly wild,
Do, Ais, remember your cold!"
And now, on you all, my best wishes descend,
The young, middle-aged and old,
Remember, I pray, the advice of a friend,
And try to keep clear of a cold! A. C. R.

POVERTY.

A BROTHER BOY.—"My son, take that jug and
fetch me some beer."
"Give me some money, then, father."
"My son, to get beer with money, anybody
can do that; but to get beer without money, that's
a trick."
So the boy took the jug and out he goes; shortly
he returns and places the jug before his father.
"Drink," said the son.
"How can I drink," said the father, "when
there is no beer in the jug?"
"To drink out of a jug," said the boy, "when
there is beer in it, anybody can do that, but to
drink out of a jug when there is no beer in it,
that's a trick."
In this world, it is not what we take up, but
what we give up, that makes us rich.
When a man unites with the church, he should
not come saying, "I am so rich that I think I
must go in among the saints," but, "O brethren I
find I am so weak and wicked that I cannot stand
alone; so if you can help me, open the door and
let me enter."—Becher.

Humorous.

A few nights ago, Mr. Jones, who had
been out taking his glass and pipe, on
going home late, borrowed an umbrella,
and when his wife's tongue was loosened,
he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out
the paraphrase. "What are you going to
do with that?" said she. "Why, my
dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-
night, and so I came prepared." In less
than two minutes, Mrs. Jones was fast
asleep.
Somewhere in the West, a sable knight
of the latter and brush was performing the
operation of shaving a Hoosier with a very
dull razor. "Stop, stop," said the Hoosier,
"that won't do!" "What's de matter,
boss?" "That razor pulls!" "Well, no
matter for dat, sah. If de handle of de
razor don't break, de beard is bound to
come out!"
"Do you believe in second love, Misther
McQuade?"
"Do I believe in the second love?"
Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar,
isn't it swate? And when it's gone, don't
he want another pound, and isn't that
swate, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in
second love!"
Thrashing the Chinese is like beating a
feather bed; they offer small resistance,
but they gradually rise to their old position
if you leave off beating.
It is unhealthy to fall in love with another
man's wife. In Arkansas, this kind of
thing usually terminates in 'death' the
first year.
Why can't the captain of a vessel keep
a memorandum of the weight of his an-
chor, instead of weighing it every time he
leaves port?
A Kiss, says an ingenious authority, is
like the Creation, because it is made of
nothing and is very good.
A French comedian has brought out a
new farce, entitled 'A journey round my
wife.'
Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, which
makes us fancy there must be something
very good beneath it.
Wellcock's like wine—not to be prop-
erly judged till the second glass.
Ornamental fret-work—the eyes of your
beloved after she has been crying.

Poetry.

A HEART WAIL.

BY MATTIE A. FIERSON.

Mother come down from thy home above
Come down with thy angel wings,
And o'er thy child protection throw
From all unholy things.

No earthly arm to lean upon,
A wanderer must be,
Unless kind heaven grant me this—
An angel guide in thee.

My thoughts were ever known to thee;
My heart thou seest thou;
Come down, and with thy magic touch
Soothe this poor aching brow.

The world sees not the grief I hide,
It only views the veil
Of smiles I wear to screen my heart—
To hide my bosom's wail.

The worldly throng say I am gay,
They say I never weep—
Ah, mother, thou and angels know,
For tears, my grief too deep.

My heart is hushed, and cold, and sad,
Like some neglected lyre,
That's left without a friendly hand
To touch a trembling wire.

One touch might wake a sad'ning strain
That lived in days of yore;
But now, alas! its strains shall wake
An echo nevermore.

Nevermore! perchance there may
In brighter days to come,
A passing sunbeam gently play
Its silent wings upon me.

But nevermore shall music break
The silence reigning there—
The stillly chambers of my soul
Are hushed in wild despair.

The floods of bitterness flow on
In loneliness and woe—
My heart is broke! why need I care
For aught on earth below?

Then come, my mother! come in dreams,
To calm my troubled breast,
And guide me by thy influence
To share thy heavenly rest.

POVERTY.

BY F. J. BAILEY.

He only knows the sufferings of the poor
Who knows the sharp temptations they endure.
Mark how in every land the mighty mass
By honest labor dignifies its class—
How few the faults that deepen into crimes,
Weighed with the woes and pities of the times,
Could any statistician properly
The wants and hardships of one fleeting day,
And note the triumph that sublimates the strife,
Of famished struggle with the needs of life;
Of parents' struggle for their children's bread;
Of children for their household's reverend head.
The poor man's honor would secure esteem
From those who now but hold it as a theme
For artist's fiction and enthusiast's dream.

The Farm and Garden.

How to Water Plants.—This is usually
badly done. Water is poured upon the
surface, enough, perhaps, to wet down an
inch or two. The water washes the fine
earth into the cracks and interstices, and
there the plant stands with dry or only
moist soil below, but with a baked mass
on the surface which shuts out warmth, air,
and the moisture that would be derived
from its free circulation. One of two
methods should be adopted. Remove the
surface earth and pour on water enough to
reach the wet subsoil, and when the water
has soaked in replace the dry surface soil,
to be moistened from below. Or, make a
hole as near the plant as you can without
disturbing the roots, and fill this with wa-
ter two or three times, and afterwards fill it
with the dry earth first removed. At
all events, when you water at all, water
freely, and with the foot of a hoe throw a
little dry earth over the surface as the wa-
ter settles away. These are important
hints. A few plants thus well cared for
will yield more than three times the num-
ber carelessly treated.
American Agriculturist.

Here is a simple way of protecting horses
from the torment of flies:

"Take two or three small handfuls of
walnut leaves, upon which pour two or
more quarts of soft cold water. Let it in-
fuse one night, and pour the whole the
next morning into a kettle, and let it boil
for a quarter of an hour. When cold it
will be fit for use. No more is required
than to moisten a sponge, and before the
horse goes out of the stable, let those parts
which are the most irritable be smeared
over with the liquor, viz: between and upon
the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not
only the lady or gentleman who rides out
for pleasure will derive a benefit from
the leaves thus prepared, but the coachman,
the wagoner, and all others who use horses
during the hot months."

Figs.—The Bath (Me.) Times mentions
having seen in the garden of Mrs. Joshua
Page, recently, two fig trees growing in
the open air, from 8 to 10 feet high, lit-
erally covered with fruit in almost all stages
of development, from the small fig just as-
suming shape to the ripe full grown arti-
cle. A half peck of ripe figs had been
gathered from the trees when we saw them.
It is a sight which probably never was seen
elsewhere in this State if in New England.
Gentlemen who have lived South say that
even as far South as Baltimore they have
never seen so fine a sight. The trees are
placed in a cool cellar in the winter; the
foliage falls off, but the fruit which puts
out one season holds on and ripens the next.

Selected Tale.

From the Fall River Monitor.

EVENTIDE.

BY HARRY FERN.

The patriarch of eighty winters sat on
the stoop of his cottage and gazed over the
meadows where his boyhood's sports had
led him; but now he had neither the heart
or strength to run, scarcely the ability to
walk with the aid of his friendly cane.—
He looks upon the fields of waving grain
and they appear beautiful, so do the groves
beyond, where he used to fill his hat with
walnuts, and then throw them half away
peeling the squirrels that hopped out to see
what was going on. The husbandman is
at his toil with his shirt sleeves rolled up
and a broad-brimmed hat shielding his
brown visage from the glowing heat—the
cattle have reclined 'neath the cooling
shade of a wide spreading oak, and the
purling stream sings gaily as it ripples
along. These look to the old man very
lovely, but 'three score and ten' have been
the years since his feet rambled through
those woods, over those meadows and by
that stream. Then they looked even more
beautiful than now, and then the summer
sky seemed fairer with its train of plumed
clouds floating aloft with their white fleecy
edges turning up to greet the rays of sun-
light that brightly glided whereso'er it
touched. The whispering zephyrs playfully
sport with his silvered locks and leave them
carelessly upon his furrowed brow, but the
old man minds it not. He feels a spirit of
refreshing enveloping his soul as he sits in
his easy chair. The tumult of life with
him is over—past—gone from mind and
sight, and now a peaceful old age is left
unto him. He has felt the passion of youth
nursed the ambition of manhood, and en-
joyed the prosperity of middle life, but they
are all passed by, and he looks upon them
as a dream that has vanished.

'Grandpa, do tell me a story now I have
come back, O dear me, I am so tired,' said
childly headed Charley Gage as he seated
himself on the stone step by the old man's
feet.
of me at all events—is that it, but where
have you been and what have you seen?—
I think you are the one most flush with
news.'

'Why, I have been to the city with
uncle John, and had a fine time. I think
the city is a real nice place, don't you,
dear grandpa, they have such good things
there, fruit and nuts and bon-bons, but it
is awful hot there, I can't think what
makes it so. And we saw the soldiers
marching in their lined coats and splendid
hats. I tell you, they looked grand with
their flags flying, and great big feathers in
their hats, and then the music was so nice,
I wanted to stay all day and hear it, but
uncle John said we must start for home,
though I didn't want to a bit. I wish I
was grown up, I do.' Why do you thus
wish, child? 'Because I'd be a soldier,
and wear a uniform and have a pension.'—
'Tut, tut, child, you don't know what you
are talking about.' 'No, there ain't any
'tut, tut,' about it. 'I'm going to be a
soldier.' 'I have seen soldiers in my day,
and would say that a soldier 'on parade'
and a soldier in battle are two things.—
There is some difference, too, between
being a carpet soldier and sporting a daz-
zling uniform in the halls of royalty, flat-
tered and smiled upon by fair ladies, and
on the other hand facing fire and smoke on
the tented field of strife. I have seen many
a hard battle in the 'thirty third,' when
the Iron Duke led me on, and I tell you,
boy, that powder and ball are not the
best things a man ever took into his system.
But I have seen many a poor fellow turn
up his eyes to me in the agonies of death,
while with his hand he beckened that I
would cool his tongue from the limpid
spring. Many has been the time that I
wiped from a comrade's brow the moisten-
ing dew of death, or bound up the fresh
bleeding wound of a fellow soldier. I have
seen tears and smiles, happiness and curs-
ing, fire and blood. I have heard the
strains of martial music, the light jest and
jovial song, and I have heard too, the groans
of the dying and the sighs of mourning
friends, for scenes such as these are incident
to a soldier's life, and I have been a soldier
for nearly sixty years. I have stood in
the dark hours of night and helped lower
into his last resting place by the dim light
of a torch, the shroud of my blanket, and
my mess-mate at the camp-fire. It was
then that my heart grew heavy within me,
and I saw the manifold evils of war—the
ruin and desolation that it brought—the
long train of widows and orphans—blighted
hopes and fallen prospects—deserted fire-
sides and once peaceful, happy homes now
bearing a perpetual gloom. I tell you,
boy, it is not such a fine thing after all to
be a soldier, and you will see it so when a
few more years have come—you will not
be quite so hasty and easily taken up and
carried away by outside appearances. I
have seen a little of the world and read
deeply from its pages of experience, there-
fore listen to advice and it may save you
many a bitter regret.'

'Well, Grandpa, do just give me a story
and I'll pay proper good attention.'

The Grandpère leaned back in his chair,
then taking Charley in his lap, began the
story of

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.

'I was twenty-two when they drafted
me for the army, and we set sail at once for
Egypt. When I learned our destination it
did not please me very much I assure you,
for I had framed a poor opinion in my own
mind of the country, as being nothing but
a barren waste over which brooded the
pestilential wings of disease. I had signed
the 'article,' however, and there was no
retreat, so I made the best of a bad matter
and went. A day more beautiful never
revealed its light on this earth than the
one on which we stood out of Portsmouth
harbor and down the channel. Most of the
men were in good spirits, though a few
looked as if their thoughts were with wives
and sweethearts left behind. Hastings
Rutler was my companion, for we had been
school boys together—he shared my ham-
mock and we always ate together in the
mess room. He was a good musician and
had his violin with him, giving us boys a
few lively, stirring pieces for fear we might
get the 'blues.' Our gallant ship looked
nobly as she bore out of the harbor with
every sail set and decked from stem to
stern with colors, and we boys were run-
ning our heels around the deck at an as-
tonishing rate, while Hastings kept the old
cremona humming away in double quick
time. Scarcely an evening passed while on
shipboard that we did not find ourselves
favored with music and dancing, and in-
stead of tiring of it as we should have done
ashore, each occasion rendered it more ac-
ceptable.

We had rather a rough, long voyage, but
no serious accident occurred, although we
carried away two or three of our spars in a
flurry just after entering the Mediterranean.
We were very lucky in having no sickness
on board during the passage, and present-
ed upon our arrival at Alexandria, as sound
and likely a set of men as ever stood upon
a quarter deck. Then there was the bustle
and excitement of landing—the throwing
out of provisions and camp utensils—the
handling of the

equipments of our army. We did not land
at Alexandria exactly, it now comes to my
mind, but a few miles west of that place.
After unloading, which took quite a length
of time, we drove our loaded wagons back
from the coast about eighteen miles, where
the body of us camped, leaving a sufficient
number with the ship to guard it, and await
the coming of four other vessels which
were to have left England soon after our
departure. We reached our tents, cared
for our mules, and built a rough shed for
the six cows we had brought with us, and
then began caring for ourselves in point of
appetite. We should have been poorly off
without the cows, and yet they furnished
scarcely a drop apiece among so many, and
it was well that quite a number drank their
tea without milk, for we were eleven hun-
dred and better.

In the course of three or four weeks
the other vessels arrived, and four thou-
sand good men camped with us, so that we
were quite a little settlement among our-
selves. I reckon, Charley, you would not
like such fare and hardships as we had
then, laying down to sleep with nothing but
a blanket between our bones and the earth.
But the scenes that came after were abso-
lutely horrible compared to our first camp-
ing, for that was well enough, as a soldier
would say. We bore up pretty well with
the loss of the privileges we had left be-
hind us in a more favored land, for we were
bent on honor and a rise in the ranks.

Our first skirmish occurred by moon-
light—not a clear, bright moonlight as we
have at home, but a darksome, mournful
gleaming from the orb of night as her light
came from between the little black edged
clouds that spotted the sky. We had been
going through the disciplinary forms of mil-
itary manoeuvres since our encampment, so
that we stood ready for our foes at any
moment. They came upon us as we an-
ticipated they might, unawares, but they
found to their cost that English steel could
draw Afric blood, and that English hearts
knew no surrender save into the arms of
death, where our earthly must put aside
their implements of warfare and bow before
the conqueror. They came in real barbar-
ic style, like their less dusky brethren of
the Western wilds. Their warfare was to
strike each for himself, unoffended, undis-
ciplined. From every direction came jav-
elins and arrows hurled with giant force,
and many were the stout hearts of our
number whose eyes never opened to view
another morn. But their blood went not
down into the earth, neither went their spir-
its up above, unavenged. We fought not
then for honor or for conquest, but to teach
the wild tribes of the desert that Britanias
sons did not avenge. How the rude cap-
tain writhed beneath his chains, expecting
momentarily a terrible death. His dark
eyes shot like fire, as they had been live
hot coals whose burning was unquench-
able. We drove them all like hounds from
the borders of our camp, save those we
captured, and the first blushing streaks of
the new born day found us all at work busi-

ly righting things in and about our tents,
for all was confusion. Some of the tents
were overturned, our cooking stoves upset,
our luggage strewn around to the four
points of the compass, and an indefinitely
great number of articles found to be among
the missing. After getting straightened
out a little, we cared for the wounded and
made their miseries as light as good nurs-
ing, kind treatment and our poor accom-
modations could do. There were some
who needed no care or attention, save the
last rites of a christian burial, and among
these was my friend Hastings. His eyes
were closed forever to earthly light, his
gallant soul had speed to the region of a
more enviable existence, and as I bent over
his lifeless body on the cold, damp earth,
the tear drops came thick and fast down
my cheeks, for I mourned the loss of my
first friend. We scooped out for him a
narrow resting place—too narrow for a
heart so noble, so lovely and pure—and by
the edge of a marshy stream we left him in
the care of that God who needs no elegant
monument to designate where manhood and
virtue have found an early and untimely
grave. Daily as we noticed his violin hung
up in the tent where he left it, we were
reminded of our lost comrad, and our hearts
were sadder than formerly, for he was the
life of the whole camp.

In the library, Charley, you have seen
an old violin upon which sometimes I de-
voted an hour in drawing forth melodies of
the past—that is an instrument which for
fifty-four years I have held sacred, and
which all the jewels of the crown could not
purchase—it belonged to Hastings Rutler.
Our line of march to the Nile was a tedious
one, and full of hardship, but we reached
the river with but a trifling loss from our
ranks, all of whom died through sickness
caused by the peculiarities of the climate
and the privations to which they were
wholly unaccustomed. Though the climate was
one which few Europeans could endure,
and our foes were numerous, watchful and
unmerciful, yet the scenery along its banks
and their immediate vicinity was truly
beautiful. Everything looked picturesque
and romantic, filling the eyes with pleasing
mirrors, and the mind with pleasant con-
ceptions of beauty and fine gardens in
which were flowers of every shape and hue,
and there were curious shaped birds, dis-
similar to any I had seen heretofore. But
we laid waste all those beauties, and though
a soldier, I could not repress the wish that
there were no such thing as war when it
brought so much of ruin and desolation in
its track.

But you are well high asleep, aren't you,
Charley? said the old man, easing him up
a trifle in his arms. 'O no, Grandpa,' re-
plied he rubbing his eyes to assure himself
of his wakefulness. 'Is that all of your
story?' 'Yes, that is all I have for the
present.' 'Then I will saddle the pony
for a ride down the road.' 'But how
would you like to be a soldier, Charley?'
'Well, I guess soldiering will do better for
other people,' and away he bounded.

'O, grandpa, there's a ragged fellow in
the kitchen that says he wants some money
to help him get home to his friends,' said
Charley, as he came in from his ride.—
'Well, I will go and see him, perhaps I
can do a little for him.' And grandpa,
he says he has been a soldier, but I don't
believe it, because he hasn't any uniform
and he looks so ragged and pale—soldiers
look stout and healthy.'

The old man walked out into the porch
and found a person answering the descrip-
tion given by Charley. He was a pale,
thin being, whose body seemed scarce
ragged enough to keep the soul inside.—
As he looked up and met the gaze of Mr.
Gage upon entering the room, he exclaimed,
while the tears of recognition came to both
their eyes, 'God bless you, Colonel, is it
you?—is it you?' and the two veterans
embraced each other in love. 'I little
thought Colonel, that this blessed privi-
lege of seeing my old comrad in arms would
be granted me before I lay down in the val-
ley and turn unto dust,' said the stranger
in a feeble voice, (for the weight of years
was pressing heavily upon him.) 'But I'm
tolling towards my early home to, bid the
remnant of my early friends good bye, and
then God's will be done; I shall enlist in
the great army.' 'Harvey, you'll stay
over night and on the morrow I'll send
Frank with the carriage to town, which will
lessen your walking distance considerable.'

The two brother officers sat up late to-
gether that night and talked over the bat-
tles of the past, when they had fought side
by side—had suffered alike heat and cold,
One was in goodly circumstances, sur-
rounded with enough to satisfy his desires,
while the other lacked even that little
required to take him among his friends.—
On the coming day General Harvey and
Colonel Gage tenderly parted no more to
meet on earth, while the former was driv-
en from the home of the latter, not, how-
ever, without being almost forced to ac-
cept a purse of gold from his attached
friend. 'Well, Charley, don't you think
our guest was a soldier, after hearing his
accounts of battle fields?' enquired the
grandpère, after his visitor had gone. 'O

yes, for he told such interesting stories, I
could almost hear the cannon firing and see
the men fighting.' 'We should never judge
of a man wholly by his outward appear-
ance, but wait till he opens his mouth be-
fore we give in our judgment. In seven
campaigns he has been with me, and a val-
iant fellow too he was, but we are both old
now, (he, only a year younger than myself)
and ready to drop aside for those fresh and
young to take our places. His ragged,
faded coat was once as bright as mine, but
hard service has rendered its color and de-
sign undistinguishable, yet no officer ever
wore a better one, or used it to better ad-
vantage for his country. Those scars upon
his cheek are the proudest laurels a man
can wear, for they speak him too brave to
turn his back upon a foe.'

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1723.

this juncture, is carrying on at their own
charge for the defence of the country on
said frontier, a fortification, the accom-
plishment whereof will exceed ten thousand
pounds."

24. "The Indian enemy were subjects
to our sovereign lord King George, and
under his immediate protection, and in par-
ticular under the government and domin-
ion of the Massachusetts, wherefore this gov-
ernment think it would be unadvised in
them to join in the prosecution of war un-
til his majesties pleasure was known upon
the application already made unto him;
for this being an intestine war, happening
in the Massachusetts only, and a contro-
versy of the King's subjects only, and that
about property, who knows but what his
Majesty in his great wisdom, may find out
and prescribe ways to make those wild
and inaccessible subjects of his, come in
and tamely submit to his government, with-
out the melancholly prospect we now have
of shedding much blood—distressing and
impoverishing the whole land!"

30. "The colony of Rhode Island was
never advised with by the province of
Massachusetts, before they involved them-
selves in this inextricable difficulty; nor
did said province ever concert measures
with this colony, either in negotiating or
treating they formerly had with them; there
they generally took care to restrict the
trade, with them, to their own province, if
not to particular men; and shall this col-
ony without the conjunction and united
force of the neighboring governments on
this continent, buy for the Massachusetts
this privilege, with the blood of the young
and strong!"

Notwithstanding the Colony of Rhode
Island has a more tender regard for his
majesties subjects of the neighboring gov-
ernments, and more sincere affection for
his majesties interest than to see his sub-
jects slaughtered and destroyed, his terri-
tories depopulated and laid waste, and lo
guilty of supine, slothfulness, rejecting any
reasonable application to them for succor
and relief; for in case the said war had
been carried on in a defensive manner, this
government would, if need had been, have
lent all due assistance, until his majesties
pleasure had been known; but cannot
think it justifiable in them to join in said
war (since made offensive) until then."

"And respecting the proposition of send-
ing a man to Canada from this govern-
ment; it is the opinion of the General As-
sembly that the same would create unneces-
sary charges; but they order and direct
that a letter be sent there from this gov-
ernment by the messengers sent by the
Massachusetts, directed to Monsieur Van-
duell Governor thereof, to deter him and
all those under the French Government,
from offering succor or encouragement to
the Indian enemy, or for sheltering them
after they had committed their depredations
on the subjects of his British Majesty; and
to excite him to exert himself for the pro-
moting and settling an honorable peace
with said Indians, for the ease and benefit
of the English settlements; least by his
Majesties favor and permission, all the
English governments on this continent of
America unite their force in ridding the
whole land of this restless, lurking enemy,
and all their abettors and encouragers."

Signed in the name and by order of the
General Assembly.

Richard Ward, Recorder.

The colony of Massachusetts called also
on that of Connecticut for aid against the
Eastern Indians, but received a like an-
swer to that of Rhode Island; all she did
being to protect her own frontier, and in
doing which, secured the county of Hamp-
shire, in Massachusetts, from invasion dur-
ing the war; but would not be induced to
act on the offensive, against the Indians,
nor consider the cause of Massachusetts
the common cause of the colonies. Peace
was finally concluded between Massachu-
setts and their Indian enemies, after each
had suffered a great deal of injury by the
war, after which each party respected the
other more than before it broke out, and
the peace was not again interrupted.

About this time the Recorder ceased to
use the double date of the year between the
1st of January and the 25th of March,
altho' the act of parliament establishing the
1st of January as the beginning of the

COAL & WOOD.
COAL, COAL.
OUR CUSTOMERS and the public generally are hereby informed that they can procure supplies of Coal from us at as low rates as any parties in the city—whether taken from the yard or from the yard.
Should any article purchased from this yard be so recommended may be returned at expense, and the money will be refunded.
21. OMAN & BRADFORD.

Coal and Kindling Wood.
Our subscriber is now prepared to furnish his customers with FIRST quality prepared coal from the following celebrated mines, viz :
Red Ash.
Cass. Diamond Vein, stove and egg,
Peach Mountain, stove and egg,
E. Farvin's, stove and egg.
White Ash.
Holland, stove, egg and lump,

[illegible]

For past favors and hope the reputation may
enjoy for selling and delivering a good arti-
ciple order, may guarantee consequence
patronage with which I have favored,
g 28 CHAS. WILLIAMS.

CHIRCOLE.
M. SCHUBSCHIDER has made arrangements to
send a full supply for the wants of his custom-
er M. M. SWINITCH,
wharf opposite Foot M-ry st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMOVAL.
Bottrell & Bryer,
HAVE REMOVED TO
No. 89 THAMES STREET,
THE SUBSCRIBERS would return their grate-
ful thanks to the many customers for the
patronage heretofore bestowed, and inform
that they have removed to No. 89 THAMES
STREET, where they are prepared to offer one

FURNITURE.
 offered in this city, and as they have had
 experience in this business, they confidently
 re the public that their work cannot be ex-
 ded in beauty, durability and finish, by any
 establishment.

COTTRELL & BRYER.
 89 Thames street.

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
OMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
 No. 139 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
 Will be open, as heretofore, for

Day and Evening Studies,
and after the 1st September. **PENMAN-
SHIP, BOOK KEEPING, NAVIGA-
TION, &c.**, practically taught. No Class Sys-
tem. Separate department for LADIES. Stu-
dents aided in obtaining EMPLOYMENT. Cau-
ses and terms can be had at the Rooms, or by
MAIL.
ROSE N. COMER, A.M., } Principals, aided
VIVIE E. LITTON, } by able Assistants
Aug 14—3mths

TABLE COVERS.
CUPSETS, COUNTERPANES & BLANK-
ETS CLEANSED.

from his friends and the public that he will use in the best manner, at short notice, and the most reasonable terms, at his call in the Carpets, Counterpanes, Blankets, Table-covers, &c., &c. Persons in Newport wishing services as above, may leave their articles at home of JOHN D. DENNIS, in Broad St., or at C. A. Mason's in Spring-street, or by leaving address, articles will be taken at their dwell- ings and returned to them when finished. All are thankfully received.

THOMAS GOULD,
Newport, May 15, 1858—5m

NOTICE TO TEN PLAYERS.

hands for collection, and by an ordinance of City Council must be paid on or before the day of October next. Tax-payers are therefore respectfully requested to call at my office in City Hall, and settle the amount assessed up-
 their several estates.
 The same assessed for Curb Stones are also notified that said tax is payable at same time and place.
 W. H. BAEKER,
 Collector of Taxes.
 Books for sale at Tilley's Newspaper, Do-
 the Book Stores and at the Collector's Office.

BARBER'S
Patent Water Elevator.
HAVING BOUGHT the patent for Newport
County, the subscriber is prepared to fur-
nish these celebrated machines for drawing water
from wells and cisterns,
and will call and examine for yourselves,
at HILDRETH, Block and Pump Maker,
June 19 Stevens' Wharf.

FALL STYLE BONNETS,
THAMES STREET. 55
JUST RECEIVED at 55, Thames street, the
latest "Keltie Bonnets," which are

Shades and Colors, Black Velvet and Straw, and
red Straw Bonnets, also a few trimmed, color'd
low do, full styles Ribbons and Flowers, Tabs
Scarlet Velvet, do Ribbon, Plain Velvet Rib-
bons, suitable for trimming Bonnets, Velvet, Rose
veve, &c. As good an assortment of the above
can be found here as at any place in the city.
Sept 18 F. H. GREENE.

B. LANGLEY, JR. & CO.
122 Thames Street,
WITE THE ATTENTION of purchasers to
their new stock of
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS.

among them the new and very desirable pat-
terns of Britannia Tea pots, Britannia Lamps and
Jars, Enamelled Ware, Water Coolers, Brushes,
&c. &c.

June 19.

Pure Coffee.

HAVING now in operation the best apparatus
for Roasting Coffee, I can furnish it as cheap
as cash (of the same quality) as can be procured
any city. Coffee warranted pure, not poison
adulterated; 15, 17, 20 and 25 cts.

WM. E. DENNIS, No. 10,
August 14 Opposite Washington Park.

SEWING MACHINE.
ONE SEWING MACHINE, One Mord-
ing Machine; one Planing Machine, for
and slates, all in good order, and will be sold
enquire of
Aug 21 FRANCIS STANHOPE, Aucr.

Massimores of Fall Styles this day opened
/ at
Sept 4 LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.

WALL STYLE of Dress Hats, just received
from Leary and Geniu; also a new lot of
Hats.
Sept 4 J. H. COZZENS.

of cloths for business suits, this day opened at
Sept 4. **LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.**

UNDER SHIRTS and Drawers—a large as-
sortment just received at
Sept 4. 153 Thames street,
J. H. COZZENS.

